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212 SOUTH MAIN STREET.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

We are authorized to announce
HON. DAVID H. KINCHELOE,
of Hopkins county, as a candidate
for Congress from the Second district,
subject to action of the democratic
primary August, 1914.

For Congress.

We are authorized to announce
J. W. HENSON
as a candidate for the Democratic
nomination for Congress for the
Second Congressional District,
subject to the action of the primary
to be held in August, 1914.

Requests for endorsement and approval of National Tuberculosis Day, December 7th, have been sent to President Wilson, to almost every governor, to hundreds of mayors, to the leading church dignitaries and to other prominent men. Last year President Taft, Col. Roosevelt, Cardinal Farley about a dozen governors, and a large number of mayors and others endorse this movement.

Farmers of Hardin county are getting their apple trees furnished by the state of Kentucky and are setting them out. The trees have splendid roots and are in fine condition. Sixty-five thousand of these trees are to be set out. It means a mammoth orchard, the largest in the whole south. The state provides free trees and free services of an apple-growing expert for five years to look after the trees until they begin bearing, provided 1,000 acres are planted in any locality. There are thousands of acres adapted to fruit growing in Christian county. Why not have an orchard of 1,000 acres on the hillside north of town.

Flowers of Music.

The graces—namely, the shake, the turn, the appoggiatura, etc.—are the flowers of music; and the clear, correct, and delicate execution of them embellishes and exalts every melody and every passage. But when they are played stiff, hard, or unintelligibly, they may rather be compared to blots of ink or spots of dirt.—Carl Czerny.

Nervous and Sick Headaches

Torpid liver, constipated bowels and disordered stomach are the cause of these headaches. Try Dr. King's New Life Pills, you will be surprised how quickly you will get relief. They stimulate the different organs to do their work properly. No better regulator for liver and bowels. Take 25c and invest in a box today. At all druggists or by mail. H. E. Bucklen & Co. Philadelphia and St. Louis.

TAX NOTICE.

Pay your taxes on or before Saturday, Nov. 29, if you wish to save the penalty. This will be your last chance.
LOW JOHNSON, S. C. C.

Food From the Sea.

Nearly 5,750,000 crabs were landed in England and Wales last year, according to the annual report on sea fisheries, while over thirty-three million oysters, between six and seven hundred thousand lobsters, and some twenty-six thousand tons of other shell-fish were taken.

Any skin itching is a temper tester. The more you scratch the worse it gets. Doan's Ointment is for piles, eczema—any skin itching. 50c at all drug stores.—Advertisement.

Before the Age of Speed.

Twenty years ago London omnibuses, according to a police statement at the time, traveled at the rate of six or seven miles an hour, and thought they were making speed.

Cures Old Sores, Other Remedies Won't Cure. The worst cases, no matter how long standing, are cured by the wonderful, old reliable Dr. Foster's Sanguiniferous Healing Oil. It relieves itching and kills at the same time. 25c, 50c, \$1.00.

Preferred Locals.

See J. H. Daggy for contracting building and general repair work of all kinds. Phone 476. Advertisement.

Fruit Trees.

For Sale—all first class. Phone 311.—Advertisement.

Candies.

Homemade chocolates, walnut and almond tops. 25c pound at P. J. Breslin's.—Advertisement.

For Sale.

One good second hand, 4 H. P., horizontal International gasoline engine, in good running order, at a bargain.

PLANTERS HARDWARE CO.
Incorporated.

Advertisement.

Still at Their Old Trade

of Misrepresentation.

The Louisville Post, the mouth piece of former Governor J. C. W. Beckham in his race for the Democratic nomination for U. S. Senator to succeed Senator W. O. Bradley, has for some time past been persistently declaring that A. O. Stanley had not entered the Senatorial contest against Gov. Beckham in good faith and that he would soon withdraw from the race and run for Congress in the Second District to succeed himself. Mr. Stanley's declaration that he will under no circumstance withdraw from the Senatorial race has somewhat blighted the fondly cherished hopes of the Post, and it is trying to discredit him by the assertion that his decision not to again offer for Congress in the Second District was due to strenuous opposition which had developed against him in that District, which was so strong that he could not hope to win.

This assertion of the Post has no foundation in fact, for Mr. Stanley was assured by the leading candidates now in the race for Congress in the Second District, that should he desire to succeed himself he would have practically no opposition. He feels, however, that it is his duty to hearken to the call coming from Democrats from every section of Kentucky calling him to the broader field of usefulness and is convinced that the majority of the Democrats of the state are in favor of his nomination for a seat in the U. S. Senate.

Mr. Stanley has shown his ability and courage in defending the rights of the people against trusts and monopolies and the masses of the common people are for him and the misrepresentations of the Post will not turn them from their purpose to vote for him in the primary next August.—Barbourville News.

Saved His Foot.

H. D. Ely, of Bantam, O., suffered from horrible ulcer on his foot for four years. Doctor advised amputation, but he refused and reluctantly tried Bucklen's Arnica Salve as a last resort. He then wrote: "I used your salve and my foot was soon completely cured." Best remedy for burns, cuts, bruises and eczema. Get a box today. Only 25c. At all druggists or by mail. H. E. Bucklen & Co., Philadelphia or St. Louis. Advertisement.

Gold Dredging in Alaska.

Thirty-eight gold dredges were operated in Alaska in 1912, compared with 27 in 1911, according to the United States Geological Survey. In addition to these, a dozen or more were in various stages of construction. It is estimated that these dredges handled between 3,200,000 and 3,600,000 cubic yards of material recovering gold to the value of about \$2,200,000.

Too Poor.

Tom—"Dearest, I have no wealth to offer you, my brains are all the fortune I possess." Ethel—"Oh, Tom, if you are as badly off as that I'm afraid papa will never give his consent."—Boston Evening Transcript.

"I have been somewhat constipated, but Doan's Regulents give just the result I desire. They act mildly and regulate the bowels perfectly."—Geo. B. Kranse, Atlanta, Pa.—Advertisement.

AN EMERGENCY CASE

By H. M. EGBERT.

It was after the meeting of the International Congress of Surgeons that a few men lingered behind to exchange reminiscences and cigars. Barth, the famous surgeon, had recognized an old colleague from St. Bartholomew's in O'Leary, professor of anatomy at Royal college.

"I'm going to tell you something, gentlemen, that I have never told anybody before," he said. (The discussion had run upon the curiosities of surgery and thence branched into strange fields of psychology.)

This was his story:

The head nurse looked in at the house surgeon's office just as he was preparing to go home.

"Can you operate in fifteen minutes?" she asked. "It's an emergency case—an automobile accident."

The house surgeon took off his overcoat and sat down at his desk.

"I can," he said. "You can't find Dr. Turner?"

"No, sir. You are the only surgeon in the hospital at this minute. Dr. Jones insists on an immediate operation. We are going to give the anesthetic at once."

"Very well," answered the house surgeon. "Name?"

"Stephen Reynolds, the traction magnate. He was crushed under his auto. His wife has been notified."

The house surgeon nodded his head. He knew Reynolds. He had loved Reynolds's wife for three years before their marriage. The engagement had been broken off because of a foolish quarrel, and Lillian Reynolds and the house surgeon had never met since that date—save once.

That was by chance, in a secluded part of the park. They came face to face a year after Lillian's marriage. The house surgeon knew what was common talk, that the marriage had been a hideous failure, that Lillian's life was a living martyrdom. Unnerved by the meeting they had forgotten everything save their love for each other.

They drew together and, before either realized what they were doing, they were in each other's arms and their lips had met.

Then, as realization came, they drew apart. The house surgeon read the look of terror on the woman's face. Silently they went their ways, no word spoken. They had not met since that day.

The house surgeon hurried into the operating room, put on his linen overgarment, and scrubbed his hands for the last time. The nurse took the tray of instruments out of the boiling disinfectant. The house surgeon nodded to the orderly, and the unconscious patient was wheeled into the theater.

At the first glance the house surgeon saw that the man was desperately injured. Five ribs were broken, there were internal injuries, and, as the operation progressed, the surgeon saw that certain of the nerves were crushed.

There was just one chance to save Reynolds's life, and it was so small that only the present desperate circumstances would justify taking it. The nerve which controlled the heart's action was uninjured, but the artery which supplied it with blood was ruptured. The house surgeon knew that, if he could suture the broken coats of this artery, the nerve would continue to function. If he failed to attempt this—and in those days the suture of arteries was only just beginning to be heard of—the nerve would gradually cease to perform its task; the heart's action would quietly stop, and Reynolds would be dead by morning. The house surgeon, intent as he was upon his task, was well aware of what was happening around him. There was no one present who had the technical knowledge which he possessed. He could apparently complete the operation and yet leave this artery untouched. No one would know what he had failed to do. The thought of Lillian and of the worthless man upon the table urged him like a goad. What was the Hippocratic Oath which every doctor takes, that it should weigh in the balance against the happiness of two people who loved each other?

With perfectly steady hands the house surgeon picked up an adjacent artery and sewed its coats together with a fine needle, leaving that which supplied blood to the heart nerve untouched. As he prepared to end his task the swing door opened softly and

he became conscious that the chief surgeon was standing beside the table. He had heard of the accident and had hurried to the scene, too late to intervene.

Reynolds's strength was failing. It would have been impossible to complete the operation properly now. The man had to be taken off the table as soon as possible. The house surgeon sewed up the external wound as swiftly as possible—roughly, almost. He had just two minutes in which to get Reynolds back to his stretcher.

"Finely done, sir," said the chief surgeon, when the operator had concluded.

The house surgeon looked at him. He knew that the chief surgeon had seen everything. He wondered at his words.

"If your patient lives," said the chief surgeon, "you will become the most famous surgeon in this country. That process of cross-connection between an artery and a vein will open an epoch in surgery."

The house surgeon went home. That night he wrote out his resignation. He thought the chief surgeon was indulging in deliberate irony. But in the morning, going to the hospital to wind up his affairs, he was amazed to learn that Reynolds was recovering.

Unconsciously, unintentionally, the house surgeon had stumbled upon a revolutionary principle in medicine. If he had attempted to suture the ruptured artery Reynolds would almost certainly have died. By a piece of clever legerdemain he had saved his life.

That day he met Lillian by the patient's bedside. She rose and followed him outside the room.

"You have saved my husband's life," she said.

The house surgeon bowed his head. He had nothing to say.

"I think you are the noblest man I have ever met," she continued. "It was wonderful." She stretched out her hands impulsively. "O, I understand," she said. "I know, I realize your feelings when he lay there before you, practically dead. It was a temptation to which the best man might have yielded. But not you," she said proudly. "I would never doubt you."

Stephen Reynolds got well and left the hospital in due course of time. And the house surgeon became one of the most famous surgeons of the day. His operation was repeated in every hospital in the land, and he was always summoned to oversee it until the technic had become a commonplace surgery. He was called abroad to hold high, honorable offices. And he carried his secret shame with him everywhere.

The irony of it ate into his soul. He might have continued obscure and married Lillian. His crime had brought him Dead Sea fruit, whose core was ashes.

Three years after this event Stephen Reynolds died under the dagger of a workman whom he had discharged. Six months afterward the house surgeon met Lillian. They were married a week later. Their marriage was as fortunate as they had always known it would be. But there was a shadow between them—the shadow of the remorse in the man's heart.

"I'm glad you told me this, Barth," said O'Leary, raising his white head and looking at the speaker with his direct, disconcerting glance.

(As the story progressed all had known that Barth was laying bare his own past.)

"My God, man, have you carried that delusion in your mind for fifteen years?" O'Leary continued. "I saw the operation from beginning to end and I can tell you that your idea is absolutely a delusion from first to last. Here is what happened:

"When I entered you were just about to consider the vital part of the operation. The artery was ruptured, as you say. Your internal struggle was evident, although I wrongly attributed it to the nervousness of a young surgeon about to perform an important operation. The mental struggle was evident in your wet forehead and ashen face.

"Barth, you deliberately and carefully sutured that artery with a fine needle. Then, and not till then, you connected it with the vein. I was horrified, amazed, and when I understood, overcome with admiration at the bold conception.

"But the mental struggle had been too severe for you. In that half minute some nervous center in your brain must have been thrown out of gear. You imagined that you had done what you had been tempted to do. I assure you, the whole idea is that of a man under a delusion."

Barth got up slowly and looked at O'Leary with a dazed expression which suddenly gave way to joy. I never saw a man so transformed. He looked ten years younger.

"Thank you, O'Leary," he said quietly. "Excuse me, gentlemen. I must go home. I—"

We knew that he had gone to open his heart to his wife.

(Copyright, 1913, by W. G. Chapman.)

Placing the Responsibility.
"It must be hard to learn to play polo," said the hired man.
"Well," replied Farmer Cornstossel, "Jedgin' from what I have seen of the game, it oughtn't to be so very hard for the man; but it must take a heap of expertness an' close attention on the part of the small but active hoss."

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Didn't Work.
"Are you a man of intelligence?" "I claim to be."

"Then if you are really a man of intelligence I am going to sell you this set of books. It is—"

"Because I am a man of intelligence you are going to do anything of the sort. Good day."

Dumb Chills and Fever.

Douglas Tex.—"Five years ago I was caught in the rain at the wrong time," writes Miss Edna Rutherford of Douglassville, "and from that time was taken with dumb chills and fever and suffered more than I can tell. I tried everything that I thought would help, and had four different doctors but got no relief, so I began to take Cardui. Now I feel better than for many months." Cardui does one thing, and does it well. That's the secret of its 50 years of success. As a tonic there is nothing in the drug store like it. As a remedy for woman's ills, it has no equal. Try it Price \$1.00. Advertisement.

Women in Powder Factories.

German manufacturers of blasting caps employ women for drawing the detonator tubes and for charging and packing the finished product.

For dyspepsia, our national ailment use Burdock Blood Bitters. Recommended for strengthening digestion, purifying the blood. At all drug stores. \$1.00 a bottle.—Advertisement.

The December Wide World Magazine.

A remarkably interesting and lavishly illustrated article dealing with "The Salmon Fisheries of the Pacific" appears in the December Wide World Magazine. The writer teaches the history of the industry from its commencement and among other things informs us that one year's supply of tinned salmon requires a line of cars stretching for twenty-one thousand five hundred miles. Other articles of value and interest include "The Humors of Mountaineering," by the well known Alpine climber, Malcolm Savage Treacher; "The Crusoe of Soldad Bay," "Two n Decks on a Cattle Boat" and "Four Women in the Desert." An article entitled "The Lovers Raft" comes from China and describes the frightful punishment meted out by wild border tribes to those who are suspected of being false to their marriage vows.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

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CLEANS FLUES
And Removes Soot from Stove Pipes

IF
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get a box of SOOT-I-CIDE and end
your troubles. Price 25c.

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Incorporated.



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NASHVILLE, TENN.,
Account Of Thanksgiving
Vanderbilt-Sewanee Football Game

Tickets on Sale Nov. 26th and for morning trains of Nov. 27th. Limited returning Nov. 28th. For further information call or phone JNO. C. HOOE, Agent.

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With ample working capital, exceptional collection arrangements, and a thoroughly organized office system this bank has the ability and disposition to extend to its customers every facility warranted by safe, conservation banking.

Three Per Cent Interest on Time Certificates of Deposit.

BANK OF HOPKINSVILLE

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The only preparation which removes
absolutely Chapping, Roughness
and Redness,
and protects the hands and face against the winter winds.

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